

September 24, 1983, p. 6

knew that he was interested in and cared about the things that are very important to me. He said: "Whenever I get upset because no one seems to care about Carbondale, I always say to myself - 'Robert cares' - and then I feel OK, because I know that there are two of us." I, of course, was overwhelmed. Such was the nature of our conversation as I "packed" for the following day's motorcycle ride to Rhinebeck, NY. We went up to 46 Canaan and watched television. By around midnight, most of the members of the family had withdrawn and Harmon, John and I were alone watching television. Meg both fell asleep and I was there alone watching some bizarre Australian futuristic scene. Harmon woke up and went to bed. John woke up and went up stairs and got some bed clothes and brought them down. We both found an appropriate "corner" -- JPB on the white fake-bear skin rug ^{in the center of the room} and SRP on blankets near the doorway -- and that was that. John fell instantly asleep. There was a largely full moon, the light of which shone into the room, and I enjoyed the Clair de lune for a brief while and then fell asleep. I slept well and woke up around 7 AM. Connie came down stairs shortly after and one by one the family got up. John and I were the last up. We drank coffee and ate English muffins and organized and were on our way by 10 AM. Richard decided not to go. I was persuaded to put on long underwear and also a winter coat and gloves. I was reluctant to do so but did and before we had gone five miles was very glad that I did. It was very cold riding. The motorcycle "gang" consisted of Jack & Connie; John and SRP; Harmon and Kathy; Bob Matthews. We went up through Simpson and up to Forest City - Lakewood - and ended up at the Canonsville Dam, where we stopped (our second stop) and I took some photographs: the covered bridge as well as of members of the group. The sun came out and it warmed up a bit. It was very nice to be bundled up in the cold weather. At rest stop number one, I put on Jack's yellow rain-battoms (of nylon) and my legs were warm from then on. As we rode along,